

Insatiable Desires

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****Insatiable Desires****

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Her shoulders connect with the wall, a solid dull thud of flesh on plaster filling my ears. I watch her head drop back to lull against the smooth surface while my fingers fall to her shoulders. They curl tightly over her pale flesh, the dark contrasting vividly as my lips descend on her throat, biting and sucking until varying shades of purple and blue blossom under the soft skin.

Her breath comes in light, soft puffs as her fingers move to my hips. They slide under the tight cotton of my shirt, pushing it up my torso as her fingers climb higher. I can't stop the sharp intake of breath as her nails curl and scratch down my chest. The thought of raised red welts forces my body closer to hers, crushing her small body to the wall.

My hands slide down her arms to her hips, lifting her legs up around my waist, grinding heatedly into her body as her legs lock tightly around my waist. The room feels hot, our bodies on fire, every touch of her fingertips searing my flesh and drawing deep moans in response.

I use the weight, pushing her tighter to the wall as I lift my arms, allowing her to discard the shirt I'd been wearing, enjoying the feel of her fingers over bare skin. When I lift my head to search her face

my whole body goes stiff. Her dark hair spills over her shoulder, falling across her face as she tilts her head slightly to the side. Her eyes are dark from more than makeup, her painted lips smeared and parted as she pants heavily. With a proud smirk, knowing that I'd caused her current state, I crush my lips back to hers, sucking the air from her lungs.

My hands find her ass, holding her body up as I stumble the short distances from the doorway to the bed, laying her across the satin sheets. Her body arches underneath my own, her nails clawing down my back, breaking the skin open.

I hiss softly and growl, looking down into her smirking face. "Fuck," I grunt, my vocal cords straining with the effort to speak.

Her fingers slip down the small of my back, under my jeans and boxers, nails digging into the flesh of my ass as I set my fingers to her blouse. With a small smirk of my own, my fingers settle to the center, pulling carelessly and enjoying the soft popping sounds as the buttons fly from the blouse across the small room.

"That was my favâ€"

Before she can say more, my lips are on hers, fast and teasing. "It was in the way," I mumble past her lips, fingers settling to unfasten her jeans.

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"You owe me a new blouse, Jake." She's laying on her side now, the sheets haphazardly slung over her hip, covering her chest and hips, but leaving the smooth expanse of her legs open to my fingertips. I let them dance over her skin, laughing at the serious tone of her voice.

"It was worth it, Bells." I smile up at her, fingers moving to tilt her chin up to my own.

"Stop that."

"What?"

She smiles and shoves at my shoulders before settling herself around my body, head resting on my chest, leg draped over my own. "Being so smug." She lets her fingers dance just below my navel sending chills through my body.

"Never."

End
file.